



# THE LOW END THEORY

TRIBER CALLED  
QUEST

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "Buggin' Out"

*[Phife Dawg]*

Yo, microphone check one two what is this  
The five foot assassin with the ruffneck business  
I float like gravity, never had a cavity  
Got more rhymes than the Winans got family  
No need to sweat Arsenio to gain some type of fame  
No shame in my game cause I'll always be the same  
Styles upon styles upon styles is what I have  
You wanna diss the Phifer but you still don't know the half  
I sport New Balance sneakers to avoid a narrow path  
Messin round with this you catch ?the sizin of em?  
I never half step cause I'm not a half stepper  
Drink a lot of soda so they call me Dr. Pepper  
Refuse to com-pete with BS competition  
Your name ain't Special Ed so won't you Seckle With the Mission  
I never walk the streets, think it's all about me  
Even though deep in my heart, it really could be  
I just try my best to like go all out  
Some might even say yo shorty black you're buggin' out

*[Q-Tip]*

Uhhh, uhhh, uhhh, uh!  
Zulu Nation, brothers that's creation  
Minds get flooded, ejaculation  
right on the two inch tape  
The Abstract poet incognito, runsss the cape  
Not the best not the worst and occasionally I curse to get my  
point across, so bust, the floss  
As I go in between, the grit and the dirt  
Listen to the mission listen Miss as I do work, umm  
as I crack the, monotone  
Children of the jazz so, get your own  
Smokin R&B cause they try to do me  
or the best of the pack but they can't do rap  
For it's Abstract, orig-inal  
You can't get your own and that's, pitiful  
I know I'd be the man if I cold yanked the plug  
on R&B, but I can't and that's bugged

Buggin out, buggin out, buggin out you're buggin out [x8]

*[Phife Dawg]*

Yo when you bug out, you usually have a reason for the action  
Sometimes you don't it's just for mere satisfaction  
People be houndin, always surroundin  
Pulsin, just like a migraine poundin  
You don't really fret, you stay in your sense

?Comafied? your feeling, of absolute tense  
You soar off to another world, deep in your mind  
But people seem to take that, as being unkind  
"Oh yo he's acting stank," really on a regal?  
A man of the fame not a man of the people  
Believe that if you wanna but I tell you this much  
Riding on the train with no dough, sucks  
Once again a case of your feet in my Nike's  
If a crowd is in my realm I'm saying -- mic please  
Hip-hop is living, can't yank the plug  
if you do the result, will end up kind of bugged

[Q-Tip]

Yo, I am not an invalid although I used to smoke the weed out  
Ali Shaheed Muhammad used to say I had to be out  
Schemin on the cookies with the crazy boomin back buns  
Pushin on the real ?hardest? so we can have the big fun  
When I left for Rosie I was Boulevard status  
Battling a MC was when Tip was at his baddest  
It was one MC after one MC  
What the world could they be wanting see from little old me  
Do I have the formula to save the world?  
Or was it just because I used to swipe the women and all the girls  
I'm the type of brother with the crazy extended hand kid  
Dissed by all my brothers I was all up what my man did  
Supposed to be my man but now I wonder cause you're feeble  
I go out with the strongest and I seperate the evils  
it's your brain against my mind, for those about to boot out  
All you nasty critters even though you see I bug out

Buggin out, buggin out, buggin out you're buggin out [x8]

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Rap Promoter"

[Q-Tip:]

It's a fly love song

To the effect of nothing, effective fronting  
Is what I don't allow so let me tell you something  
I am a bonafide  
Not too modest and not a lot of pride  
Soon to have a ride and a home to reside  
If my momma is sick I'm by her bedside  
Used to watch the show on Channel 4 called Riptide  
Wash my wears in-Tide cause it's too damn cold out-Tide  
That's how the runnings go  
If there ain't no dough then there ain't no show  
So take your roly poly fat promoter (ass)  
To the Chemical Bank, and get my cash  
If you wanna see the people scream and laugh  
You best Quest, you ask the Quest, you ask real fast  
Cause I don't wanna see 'em, start bucking  
Throwing chairs in the air while you be ducking  
What what? Don't step to me with that  
If you promoting a show make sure it ain't wack  
Or else I'm leaving ("Let me tell you")  
I'm leaving ("Let me tell you")  
I'm leaving ("Let me tell you")  
Your wack show

[Q-Tip & {Phife}:]

Yo man what's up with that?  
{Yo don't sweat me  
C'mon, five hundred, that was the deal}  
C'mon man, don't try to play me out  
{We don't need you, sorry!}  
And the Abstract rapper says

[Q-Tip:]

I want chicken and orange juice, that's what's on my rider  
And my occasional potato by Ore-Ida  
Don't forget my pastry make sure they're tasty  
I'm not the type to be pushy or hasty  
See I'm the type of bro that's reared in the ghetto  
Took a few shorts before  
Now the only ones I take are the ones that I wear  
Ain't taking no shorts no more, now  
Please act proper 'fore I call the CrimeStoppers  
Don't dip on the dough, cause that's a no-no  
Make sure you count your money real slow  
Be alert, look alive, and act like you know

It's, the 90s, time to make moves  
Not, the 80s, do away witcha womb  
So what? You got a crew  
I got one too, they're called the Brooklyn Zu  
Don't break fool, let's be reserved and cool  
We don't have to act like we in grade school  
Just make sure that we're taken care of  
And we'll do a fly show for ya bub, check it out

Diggy dang diggy dang gi-dang gi-dang diggy diggy  
Dang diggy dang gi-dang gi-dang diggy diggy  
Dang diggy dang gi-dang gi-dang diggy diggy  
Dang diggy dang gi-dang gi-dang diggy diggy

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "Butter"

[Verse One: Phife Dawg]

1988 Senior Year, Garvey High  
Where all the guys were corny but the girls were mad fly  
Loungin with the Tipster, Coolin with Sha  
Scopin out the honeys - they know who they are  
I was the b-ball playin fly rhyme sayin  
Fly girl gettin but never was I sweatin  
Cause when it came to honeys I would go on a stroll  
Until I met my match - her name was Flo  
Yeah - I messed around with the one called Flo  
All the troopers round the way used to call her a ho  
But deep down in my heart I knew that Flo was good to go  
Cause I thought it was me - like Bell Biv Devoe  
But little did I know that she was playin' with my mind  
The only thing I learned is, good girls are hard to find  
I feel like Heavy D I need somebody for me  
Not someone who's mind is blank and tryin' to juice me for my bank  
Swingin' with my main man Lucky behind my back  
What type of crap is that - yo, hows about a smack?  
Word life, I can't front - thought I was all that  
But now it seems, I met my match  
Was a stone cold lover, you couldn't tell me jack  
Settlin' down with one girl, wasn't tryin' to hear that  
I had Tonya, Tamika, Sharon, Karen  
Tina, Stacy, Julie, Tracy  
Used ta love 'em, leave 'em, skeeze 'em, tease 'em  
Find 'em, lose 'em - also abuse 'em  
My whole attitude was new day, next hon  
And believe it or not, they all got done  
Well here comes Flo, with the crazy whip appeal  
And I'm all true man, like Alexander O'Neal  
Is this really love, then again, how would I know  
After all this time tryin' to be a superhoe  
She finally played me, but yo, I'd find another  
Cause I got the crazy game and yo, I'm smooth like butter

[Chorus: Q-Tip]

Butter, like butter baby . . . [x2]  
Not no Parkay, not no margarine,  
Strickly butter baby, strictly butter

[Verse Two: Phife Dawg]

I remember when,  
Girls were goodie two shoes, but now they turned to freaks

Allofasudden "We love you Phife" - ease of ho, my name's Malik  
Phife this, Phife that, where you goin', where you at  
These girls don't know me from jack, yet I feel like the Mack  
You didn't want me then, so hon, don't want me now  
Here, Here - take the towel, wipe off your brow  
And take the Ccontact out your eye, you're far from lookin' fly  
You get an E for effort, and T for nice try  
Now tell me what's the reason, for dyin' your hair  
Slum village gold still danglin in your ear  
You barely have a neck but still sportin' a rope  
Four-finger ring just so Phifer can scope  
You looked in the mirror, didn't know what to do  
Yesterday your eyes were brown but today they are blue  
Your whole appearance is a lie and it could never be true  
And if you really loved yourself then you would try and be you  
If your hair and eyes were real, I wouldn't have dissed ya  
But since it was bought, I had to dismiss ya  
If you can't achieve it, then why not try and weave it  
If you can't extend it then you might as well suspend it  
If you can't braid it, best thing to do is fade it  
I asked who did your hair and you tell me "Diane made it"  
If you were you and just you, talk to you, maybe  
But I can't stand, no bionic lady  
Tryin' hard to look fly, but yo, you're lookin' dumber  
If I wanted someone like you I woulda swung with Jamie Summers  
You wanna be treated right, see Father MC  
Or check Ralph Tresvant, for sens-a-tiv-i-ty  
See I am not the one, I got more game than Parker Brothers  
Phife Dog is on the mic and I'm smooth like Butter . . .

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "Excursions"

[vocal interludes sampled from "Time is Running Out" by The Last Poets]

[Q-Tip]

Back in the days when I was a teenager  
Before I had status and before I had a pager  
You could find the Abstract listening to hip hop  
My pops used to say, it reminded him of be-bop  
I said, well daddy don't you know that things go in cycles  
The way that Bobby Brown is just ampin like Michael  
Its all expected, things are for the lookin  
If you got the money, Quest is for the bookin  
Come on everybody, let's get with the fly modes  
Still got room on the truck, load the back boom  
Listen to the rhyme, to get a mental picture  
of this black man, through black woman victim  
Why do I say that, cuz I gotta speak the truth man  
Doing what we feel for the music is the proof and  
Planted on the ground, the act is so together  
Bonafied strong, you need leverage to sever  
The unit, yes, the unit, yes, the unit called the jazz is  
deliberatley cheered LP filled with streeet goods  
You can find it on the rack in your record store (store)  
If you get the record, then your thoughts are adored  
and appreciated, cause we're ever so glad we made it  
We work hard, so we gotta thank God  
Dishin out the plastic, do the dance till you spastic  
If you dis... it gets drastic  
Listen to the rhymes, cuz its time to make gravy  
If it moves your booty, then shake, shake it baby  
All the way to Africa a.k.a. The Motherland (uh)  
Stick out the left, then I'll ask for the other hand  
That's the right hand, Black Man (man)  
Only if you was noted as my man (man)  
If I get the credit, then I'll think I deserve it  
If you fake moves, don't fix your mouth to word it  
Get in the zone of positivity, not negativity  
Cuz we gotta strive for longevity  
If you botch up, what's in that (ass) (what?)  
A pair of Nikes, size ten-and-a-half (come on, come on)

[Chorus:]

We gotta make moves  
Never, ever, ever could we fake moves (come on, come on) [4X]

"Time.. time is a ship on a merciless sea  
Drifting toward an average of nothingness

Until it can be retarded for it's own destiny  
TIME is an inanimate object  
Praying and praying and praying for ??  
Time is DANCING, moving lingering all memories of past.."

The Last Poets

You gotta be a winner all the time  
Can't fall prey to a hip hop crime  
With the dope raps and dope tracks for you for blocks  
From the fly girlies to the hardest of the rocks  
Musically the Quest, is on the rise  
We on these Excursions so you must realize  
that continually, I pop my Zulu  
If you don't like it, get off the Zulu tip  
So what could you do in the times which exist  
You can't fake moves on your brother or your sis  
But if your sis is a (bitch), brother is a jerk  
Leave 'em both alone and continue with your work  
Whatever it may be in today's society  
Everything is fair, at least that how it seems to me  
You must be honest and true to the next  
Don't be phony and expect one not to flex  
Especially if you rhyme, you have to live by the pen  
Your man is your man, then treat him like your friend  
All it is, is the code of the streets  
So listen to the knowledge bein dropped over beats  
Beats that are hard, beats that are funky  
It could get you hooked like a crackhead junkie  
What you gotta do to is know that the Tribe is in the sphere  
The Abstract Poet, prominent like Shakespeare

*[Chorus]*

Edgar Allan Poe, it don't stop (uh!)

"Time is running out on black power Africans today  
and whites blacks and reporters at night  
Everytime you see them ?? with their tongues hangin out  
Time is running and past and passing and running  
Running and past and passing and running (excursions)"

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Verses from the Abstract"

*[Q-Tip:]*

I had a dream about my man last night  
And my man came by the studio  
And his name is...  
Busta Rhymes in effect, Shaheed is in effect  
Phife Did-awg is in effect  
Check it out and give me my 'spect

I'm movin, yes I'm groovin cuz my mouth is on the motor  
Use the Coast in the mornin to avoid the funky odor  
Can't help bein funky, I'm the funky Abstract brotha  
Funky in a sense, but I play the undacova  
Once had a fettish, fettish for some booty  
Now I'm gettin funky and my rappin, that's my duty  
Brothas tend to jock on the style in particular  
If you got the ego like some brothas, then I'll get with ya  
But if I don't pursue, then I just don't give a (fuck)  
My motto in the 90's is be happy makin bucks  
Girls love the jim, cuz it causes crazy friction  
When it goes up in and fluctuates the diction  
I still understand the (uh!) cuz that's what I met her for  
I'm hooked on the swings, so just call me the music whore  
Women love the voice, brothas dig the lyrics  
Quest the people's choice, we thrive it for the spirit  
If you can't hear it, then get the wax utensils  
Write my rhymes straight up, don't get with no fancy stensils  
The rhymes we get is sweet, we stay away from tart  
Our perfection is at work, perkin up the art  
If you want to battle, I suggest you check your clock  
Your demise is comin up and I want your man to watch  
Be the prime example, I deep instilled the sample  
Insignificance, here I'll place you on the mantle  
Born up in Harlem, reside down in Jamaica  
The girl I used to rock, her moms was a claker  
Now what does that make her? The evil money taker?  
The crazy move faker, I used that to break her

*[Vinia Mojica singing in the background]*

Phife is in the house, Uncle Mike is in the house  
Bob Power is in the house, Tim Latham is in the house  
Wise Men is in the house, Brand Nubs is in the house  
The J Beez, they in the house and De La, they in the house

I must regroup my thoughts and kick the next ones for my people  
Please don't be deceived by ugly slice of evil  
The world is kinda cold and the rhythm is my blanket  
Wrap yourself up in it, if you love it, then you'll thank it

Don't move to rebuttal, wave your hand for action  
The ladies of the '90's want more than satisfaction  
They want keys and Gs, and all those illy things  
If you want to, I'll show you, just what the Ab can bring  
I keep a tight net with my brothas Ken and Kenny  
If the question is of rhymes, then I'll tell ya, I got plenty  
The thing that men and women need to do is stick together  
Progressions can't be made if we're separate forever  
I hooked this funky beat with the loop and the feature  
With the funky singin by Miss Vinia Mojica  
So listen because the Quest is led through the underground  
My people been up on Quest to long, no more will we be down  
People tend to riff cuz they don't know the mental  
People tend to bug cuz their beats are hard but gentle  
Afro kinda lurks through the body of this youngun'  
Play like Bobby Byrd on your back and your comin to  
The house of the jazz, of the funk, of the rhythm  
All the goods are welcome, but if you're a villain  
I'll just wait and debate, contemplate your arrival  
If flexin is your motive, then you don't like survival  
The Abstract is speakin, the hard beats is reachin  
The Black and Puerto Ricans  
Cuz their butt naked, streakin through the ever murky streets  
Of the urbanized areas  
Blastin out the speakers is the hip hop hysteria

Craig is in the house, Pete Rock is in the house  
CL is in the house, Ultra Mag is in the house  
Nice and Smooth is in the house, Big Daddy Kane is in the house  
Beatnuts is in the house, Special Ed is in the house

Yeah [7X]  
This one goes out to my man  
Thanks alot Ron Carter on the bass  
Yes my man Ron Carter is on the bass  
Now check it out  
Born into the 91 decade  
You gotta say the Quest is on  
And goddamn it, yes the Quest is on  
And we out!

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Show Business"

(feat. Diamond D, Lord Jamar And Sadat X)

[Verse 1]

[Q-Tip]

Let me tell you 'bout the snakes, the fakes, the lies  
The highs at all of these industry shing-dings  
Where you see the pretty girls  
In the high animated world  
Checkin' for a rapper with all the dough  
If you take a shit they want to know  
And if you're gonna fall, they won't be around, y'all  
So you still wanna do the show business?  
And you think that you got what it takes?  
I mean you really gotta rap and be all that  
And prepare yourself for the breaks  
Check it out!

Do you wanna be in the business? (The Business)  
The ups and downs with the hoes (The Business)  
Always gettin' fronted on at shows (The Business)  
People gotta stick their nose (In the Business)

[Verse 2]

[Q-Tip]

Yo, I gotta speak on the cesspool  
It's the rap industry and it ain't that cool  
Only if you're on stage or if you're speakin' to your people  
Ain't no-one your equal  
Especially on the industry side  
Don't let the games just glide  
Right through your fingers, you gotta know the deal  
So Lord Jamar speak, because you're real...

[Lord Jamar]

They're givin' you the business and puttin' on a show  
You're a million dollar man that ain't got no dough  
But you got a ho tickets backstage to a show  
Sedated and at that fact they elated  
Time pass and your ass say "Where's my loot?"  
The reply is a kick in the ass from a leg and a boot  
All you wanna do is taste the fruit  
But in the back they're makin' fruit juice  
You ask for slack and wanna get cut loose from the label

Not able cos you signed at the table  
For a pretty cash advance, now they got a song and dance  
That you didn't recoup, more soup wit' ya meal?  
Cos this is the real when you get a record deal  
And I say...

*[Phife]*

Aw....shucks, look what the cat hauled in  
It's Phife Dawg from A Tribe Called Quest, let me begin  
Like Chuck D, I got so much trouble on my mind  
'bout these no-talent artists gettin' signed, they can't rhyme  
And if that ain't bad, you got bootleggers  
Goin' out like suckers, motherfuckers  
Feel it's time that I let loose the lion  
And if not that then I'll commence to head flyin'  
Seems in '91 everybody want a rhyme  
And then you go and sell my tape for only \$5.99?  
Please nigga, I've worked too hard for this  
No more will I take the booty end of the stick  
Bogus brothers makin' albums when they know they can't hack it  
Cos they lyrics is played like 8-Ball jackets  
Now tell me I can't tear it up  
Go get yourself some toilet paper cos your lyrics is butt

Do you wanna be in the business? (The Business)  
People can't walk a straight line in (The Business)  
Some of these brothers can't rhyme in (The Business)  
A-yo, I'm tryna get mine (The Business)

*[Verse 3]*

*[Sadat X]*

The party scene is cool, but then again it's all the same  
You see the same faces, but at different places  
When you're up and ridin' high everything is palsy-palsy  
Get a million pounds and all the skins give you hugs  
Well that's cool, I can dig it, it really ain't my bag  
Prefer to max on the side and let my pants sag  
"Oh, he's a cutie", yeah, real cute  
But I wasn't that cute when I didn't have no loot  
Although I hit a pound of herbs I'm still nice with the verbs  
So fuck what you heard  
The born cipher, cipher master makes me think much faster  
But critics still continue to plaster  
My name and discredit my fame  
All that shit is game  
And I don't really give a damn  
Eat from the tree of life and throw away the verbal ham

*[Diamond D]*

Well, excuse me, I gotta add my two cents in  
Don't be alarmed, the rhyme was condensed in  
A matter of minutes so it must be told  
All that glitters' not gold  
Everybody wants a deal, help me make a demo  
See my name in bright lights, ride around in a limo  
My moms keeps beefin' ("Boy, get a job")  
But I wanna make jams, damn, I know I'll slam  
Huh, well it's not that easy  
You gotta get a label that's willin' and able  
To market and promote, and you better hope  
(For what?) That the product is dope  
Take it from Diamond, it's like mountain climbin'  
When it comes to rhymin' you gotta put your time in  
Get a good lawyer so problems won't pile  
You don't wanna make a pitch that's wild.

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "Vibes and Stuff"

[Q-Tip:]

Let me flaunt the style (style), I think that the time's near  
That we drop studs (studs), there will be no duds here  
Rappers play the dumb (dumb), kinda on the space tip  
But when they hear the jams (jams), they be on the dilsnick  
Now I'm not for the rock (rock), I know the territory  
Go ahead and try (try), that's a different story  
Similar to Grimm (Grimm), I could tell a better one  
All about a kid (kid), who couldn't rap and didn't run  
Stand (stand) aside (aside), when the rap is gettin dumb  
Resort to baggin Billy (Billy), askin can he have some  
No, never ever (ever) come back and try again man  
If you come back (back), I'll be the first to shake your hand  
Competitions good (good), it brings out the vital parts  
The Abstract Poetic ('etic), majors in recital arts  
Do it for the kids (kids), the elders and the rap peers  
We know the job is done (done), when we hear a lot of cheers  
Gotta feel the vibes (vibes), come from my creation  
If the hands clap (clap) are filled with elation  
Here I am ghetto, full with a lot of steam  
Think I gotta, I think I gotta, I think I gotta scream (scream)  
Cause that's how good it feels child  
Let your hair down (down), so we can get buckwild  
Do your I'll dance (dance), don't think about the next man  
We must have unity and think of the bigger plan  
The vision, we fall (fall) we must stick together, see  
I'd like to take this time (time) to say what's up to Kool G  
The name is Q-Tip (Tip), The Midnight Marauder  
Give enough respect ('spect) to Afrika Bambaataa  
As a man in the world (world), I must do my job  
Take care of Mama Duke (Duke), I won't resort to rob  
Bob you'll get your dough (dough), Mase is my witness  
Obsessed with the rap (rap), for it's the mental fitness  
Like shootin cee-lo (lo), and always gettin headcracks  
The industry is luck (luck), winning with the fake raps  
Peace to the crews (crews), who pump the real hip hop  
Not sellin out (out) from hardrock to disc jock...  
(From disc jock to hardrock, from hardrock to disc jock)

[Phife:]

I don't know what to say, but here I go freak it  
If the papes come, then you know I'll seek it  
I'm just a short brotha, dark skin face  
Weigh a buck-fifty, 36 waist  
My hair is crazy curly  
Front like Mr. Furley  
To this day, I still believe that no MC can serve me

Brothas try to front, but everybody know (know)  
I get more props than the Arsenio Hall Show  
Party animal I was, but now I chill at home  
All I do is write rhymes, eat, drink, shit and bone  
Found my thrill in Amityville, I'm always in the Island  
Fudge and Monkey know the time, they know who keeps 'em smilin  
Go out on my own, somethin that I gotta do  
Do what the hell I want and have no one to listen to  
I'm prompt with my business and I do things on the double  
Yo, I'm out like Buster Douglass, I say peace to MC Trouble  
Rest in Peace

*[Q-Tip:]*

Word Up, rest in Peace, and you know what else?

We got, we got, we got the vibe (vibe)

All the people in Long Island, we got the vibe (vibe)

Brooklyn and Queens, we got the vibe (vibe)

Uptown and New York, we got the vibe (vibe)

People upstate, we got the vibe (vibe)

If you're in DC, you got the vibe (vibe)

Maryland, Virginia, Carolina vibe (vibe)

Out West, we got the vibe (vibe)

In the Bahamas, we got the vibe (vibe)

Over in Europe, you know what? We got the vibe

And we gotta keep it alive, it goes on...

Of rap I'm a fan, I've seen a whole lot of subs

Goods with the girls, I got a whole lot of 'em

From fat to skinny, Freeda to Winnie (Winnie)

Emma to Cindy, Constance to Wendy (Wendy)

Cause I be more friendly (friendly), never on the snotty side

I don't brag to brothas about the little papes I got (got)

My vocal styles can vary, the sight is never scary (scary)

It's only legendary ('dary), my father well prepared me ('pared me)

My job ain't temporary, I'm here for the long shot

Better yet, the long term, I don't have a perm (perm)

In a way I do, call 'em the perma-naps

I'm crazy slap-happy and I'm scrappy when I'm nappy

When I get the mic in my hand and the crowd in stands (stands)

It's as good as grand like that (that)

I wanna say peace and dedicate this joint to MC Trouble and to

Um... Trouble T-Roy

And to um... Scott La Rock and to um... Cowboy, you know what I'm sayin?

This is for the slain rappers and the fallen rappers

You know what I'm sayin (sayin)?

This is a special, special, special, special, special dedication

And also to my pops and also to Vinny, his moms (moms)

You know what I'm sayin?

You just gotta keep it happy and keep the vibes going

And this is Vibes and Stuff

And we out...



# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "The Infamous Date Rape"

Classic, classic...

Classic example of a...a date rape [4X]

[Q-Tip:]

Listen to the rhyme, it's a black date fact

Percentile rate of date rape is fat

This is all true to the reason of the skeezin

You got the right pickin but you're in the wrong season

If you're in the wrong season, that means you gotta break

Especially if a squad tries to cry out rape

You be all vexed cuz she got it goin on

You don't wanna fight cuz you know that you're wrong

So instead you rest your head on the arm of the couch

Envision in your head of a great sex bout

Worthy opponent, all you wanna do is bone it

You ask can you kick it, she says you can't stick

This is the case, the situation is sticky

Should you try to kiss or head for a hickey

Not even, you can ask Steven

If the vibe ain't right, huh, ya leavin

Hit the road Jack and all of that

But if she offers her abode, to drop ya load

Right smack dab in the middle

Get the kitten, I got crazy tender vittles

[Phife:]

Uh huh, you know science, you get buckwild

Runnin mad games as if your name was Scott Skiles

Or better yet Magic or even Karl Malone

Regardless who it is, your aim is to bone

If she tries to front, then you start to dis her

If she's with the program, that's when you start to kiss her

Might as well get to the point, no time to waste

Might as well break the ice, then set the pace

You start to talk nasty, now she's ready to bone

Step out of the shower, throw on cologne

All of a sudden, her sugarwalls tumble down like Jericho

She's hotter than Meshach, Shadrach and Abendego

You listen to After 7, break fool after 10

Do your thing at 12 o'clock and when you go again

There goes round 1, ding, there goes round two

Now tell me what the (fuck) are you supposed to do

What do you know, when the meow is completed

Girly girl cried rape, yo, I didn't really need it

[Q-Tip:]

Sweetheart, we ain't goin out like that [2X]

Sweetheart, we ain't goin out like that(zulu)

We ain't goin out like that(zulu)

We ain't goin out like that

Now baby bust it, if you wanna groove  
Me and you can do it, it will be the move

I won't cry over spilled milk

If you won't let me take you to the Hilt

I don't wanna bone you that much

That I would go for the unforbidden touch

I'm not the type that would go for that

I'll have to fetch a brand new cat

Baby, baby, baby I don't wanna be rude

I know because of your bloody attitude

I know why you act that way

It usually happens on the 28th day

I respect that crazily

When you're done with the past can you come check me

This ain't a joint to disrespect you

Because one head ain't better than two

Check it out

It's a classic example of a...a date...

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Check the Rhime"

[Q:]

Check the rhyme y'all.

[Q:]

Back in the days on the boulevard of Linden,  
We used to kick routines and presence was fittin'.

It was I the abstract

[P:]

And me the five footer.

I kicks the mad style so step off the frankfurter.

[Q:]

Yo, Phife, you remember that routine  
That we used to make spiffy like mister clean?

[P:]

Um um, a tidbit, um, a smidgen.

I don~t get the message so you gots to run the pigeon.

[Q:] You on point Phife?

[P:] All the time, tip.

[Q:] You on point Phife?

[P:] All the time, tip.

[Q:] You on point Phife?

[P:] All the time, tip.

[Q:] Well, then grab the microphone and let your words rip.

[P:]

Now here's a funky introduction of how nice I am.

Tell your mother, tell your father, send a telegram.

I'm like an energizer 'cause, you see, I last long.

My crew is never ever wack because we stand strong.

Now if you say my style is wack that's where you're dead wrong.

I slayed that body in El Segundo then push it along.

You'd be a fool to reply that Phife is not the man

'Cause you know and I know that you know who I am.

A special shot of peace goes out to all my pals, you see.

And a middle finger goes for all you punk MC's.

'Cause I love it when you wack MC's despise me.

They get vexed, I roll next, can~t none contest me.

I'm just a fly MC who's five foot three and very brave.

On top remaining, no home training cause I misbehave.

I come correct in full effect have all my hoes in check.

And before I get the butt the jim must be erect.

You see, my aura~s positive I don't promote no junk.

See, I'm far from a bully and I ain't a punk.

Extremity in rhythm, yeah that's what you heard.

So just clean out your ears and just check the word.

[Q:]

Check the rhyme y'all.

Check the rhyme y'all.  
Check the rhyme y'all.  
Check the rhyme y'all.  
Check the rhyme y'all.  
Check the rhyme y'all.  
Check it out.  
Check it out.  
Check the rhyme y'all.  
Check the rhyme y'all.  
Check the rhyme y'all.  
Play tapes y'all.  
Check the rhyme y'all.  
Check the rhyme y'all.  
Check it out.  
Check it out.

[P:]

Back in days on the boulevard of Linden,  
We used to kick routines and the presence was fittin'  
It was I the Phifer,

[Q:]

And me, the abstract.

The rhymes were so rumpin' that the brothers rode the 'zack.

[P:]

Yo, tip you recall when we used to rock  
Those fly routines on your cousin~s block.

[Q:]

Um, let me see, damn I can't remember.

I receive the message and you will play the sender.

[P:] You on point Tip?

[Q:] All the time Phife.

[P:] You on point Tip?

[Q:] Yeah, all the time Phife.

[P:] You on point Tip?

[Q:] Yo, all the time Phife.

[P:] So play the resurrector and give the dead some life.

[Q:]

Okay, if knowledge is the key then just show me the lock.

Got the scrawny legs but I move just like Lou Brock,

With speed. I'm agile plus I'm worth your while.

One hundred percent intelligent black child.

My optic presentation sizzles the retina.

How far must I go to gain respect? Um.

Well, it's kind of simple, just remain your own

Or you'll be crazy sad and alone.

Industry rule number four thousand and eighty,

Record company people are shady.

So kids watch your back 'cause I think they smoke crack,

I don't doubt it. Look at how they act.

Off to better things like a hip-hop forum.

Pass me the rock and I'll storm with the crew and...

Proper. What you say Hammer? Proper.

Rap is not pop, if you call it that then stop.

NC, y'all check the rhyme y'all.

SC, y'all check it out y'all.

Virginia, check the rhyme y'all.

Check it out. Out.

In London, check the rhyme, y'all.

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "Everything is Fair"

[chorus George Clinton from Funkadelic's "Let's Take It to the People":]  
"Everthing is fair when you're livin in the city" [8X]

[Q-Tip:]

Lookin at Miss Lane, it was the fast lane  
Barely knows her name, struck by fame  
She just got a Benz, she rides with her friends  
Gotta keep her beeper in her purse to make ends  
Rollin down the block, checkin out the spots  
She winks at the cops, always give her props  
She knows she's the woman, can't nobody touch her  
Hangs out for the loot, makes her papes from the gutter  
Tried to make my moves on Miss Lane, she called me young boy  
Told her not to dis me I just want to be your love toy  
You young boy, my love toy, I doubt that very highly  
Just because you rhyme don't mean I'll let you try me  
Business oriented, egos never dented  
Always sweet scented, if it's business, she meant it  
Distractions never hurt, always did the work  
Always was alert, she never got jerked  
Queen of the feats, thrive to compete  
Love the funky beats while she drive down the street  
She was justified, couldn't get a job  
Had to feed her family, so she had to play, then rob  
Pullin out the ooh wop, listenin to doo-wop  
You don't have to say a word  
(gunshots)That's all ya heard

[chorus 4X]

She's not a big kahuna, wish I met her sooner  
Instead, I met her later, my love is much greater  
Put me on her roster, to rid her of impostaers  
And to sell the buddah for the sexy drug ruler  
Love is my motive, now I'm drug promotive  
Plus I needed duckets to fill up my buckets  
Supplied me with the squeezy to make my life easy  
Now I'm missing action for this fatal attraction  
But don't you let me catch you with your joint up in these bitches  
And don't you even dare to plan a plot upon my riches  
Cuz if you play me out, I think I'll let ya be  
I'll be damned if I let a brotha try to gas me  
I played my cards well, try to live swell  
For the G, I would sell, cuz I was deep in hell  
But then I really wasn't, she had a fly cousin  
Who would give me booty on the side of my cutie  
Elaine, she kinda new, that I would do the do

But she didn't tear, I did my work with care  
That's all that really mattered, he money never splattered  
As long as she was paid, she was in the shade  
You can't really blame her for holdin on a flamer  
Society taught her, but they didn't tame her  
A ten clip salute, hunny heres a troop  
She will never stop until she reach the top  
Top, top...

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Jazz (We Got the...)"

[Intro/Chorus]

We got the jazz [X4]

[Verse One: Q-Tip]

Stern firm and young with a laid-back tongue  
The aim is to succeed and achieve at 21  
Just like Ringling Brothers, I'll daze and astound  
Captivate the mass, cause the prose is profound

Do it for the strong, we do it for the meek  
Boom it in your boom it in your boom it in your Jeep  
Or your Honda or your Beemer or your Legend or your Benz  
The rave of the town to your foes and your friends

So push it, along, trails, we blaze  
Don't deserve the gong, don't deserve the praise  
The tranquility will make ya unball your fist  
For we put hip-hop on a brand new twist

A brand new twist with the homie-alistic  
So low-key that ya probably missed it  
And yet it's so loud that it stands in the crowd  
When the guy takes the beat, they bowed

So raise up squire, address your attire  
We have no time to wallow in the mire  
If you're on a foreign path, then let me do the lead  
Join in the essence of the cool-out breed

Then cool out to the music cuz it makes ya feel serene  
Like the birds and the bees and all those groovy things  
Like getting stomach aches when ya gotta go to work  
Or staring into space when you're feeling berserk

I don't really mind if it's over your head  
Cuz the job of resurrectors is to wake up the dead  
So pay attention, it's not hard to decipher  
And after the horns, you can check out the Phifer

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Phife Dawg]

Competition, dem Phifer come sideway

But competition, dey mus' me come straightway

Competition, dem Phifer come sideway

But competition, dey mus' come straightway

Hows about that, it seems like it's my turn again

All through the years my mike has been my best friend

I know some brothers wonder, can Phifer really kick it?

Some even wanna dis me, but why sweat it?

I'm all into my music cuz it's how I make papes

Tryin' to make hits, like Kid Capri makes tapes

Me sweat another? I do my own thing

Strictly hardcore tracks, not a new jack swing

I grew up as a Christian so to Jah I give thanks

Collect my banks, listen to Shabba Ranks

I sing, and chat, I do all of that

It's 1991 and I refuse to come wack

I take off my hat to other crews that intend to rock

But the Low End Theory's here, it's time to wreck shop

I got Tip and Shah, so whom shall I fear

Stop look and listen, but please don't stare

So jet to the store, and buy the LP

On Jive/RCA, cassettes and CD's

Produced and arranged by the four-man crew

And oh shit, Skiff Anselm, he gets props too

Make sure you have a system with some phat house speakers

So the new shit can rock, from Mars to Massapequa

Cuz where I come from quality is job one

And everybody up on Linden know we get the job done

So peace to that crew, and peace to this crew

Bring on the tour, we'll see you at a theatre nearest you

*[Verse Three: Q-Tip]*

Hey yo but wait, back it up, hup, easy back it up

Please let the Abstract embellish on the cut

Back and forth just like a Cameo song

If you dig this joint then please come dance along

To the music cuz it's done just for the rhyme

Now I gotta scat and get mine, underline

The jazz, the what? The jazz can move that ass

Cuz the Tribe originates that feelin' of pizzazz

It's the universal sound, best to brothers underground

In the one-six below, ya didn't have to go

Some say that I'm a sinner cuz I once had an orgy  
And sometimes for breakfast I eat grits and porgies

If this is a stinker, then call me a stink, I ask  
"What? What? What?" - now check it out

All my peoples in Queens ya don't stop  
Now all my peoples in Brooklyn ya don't stop  
And all my peoples uptown ya don't stop  
That includes the Bronx a' Harlem ya don't stop

Now to that girl Ramelle ya don't stop  
I say because Ladies First ya don't stop  
And to the JB's, ya don't stop  
And De La Soul, ya don't stop

To my Brand Nubians ya don't stop  
And to my Leaders of the New ya don't stop  
To my man Large Professor ya don't stop  
Pete Rock for the beat ya don't stop

Everybody in the place ya don't stop  
Ya keep it on, to the rhythm, ya don't stop  
And last but not least on the sure shot  
It's the Zulu nation

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Skypager"

*[Q-Tip:]*

Do you know the importance of a skypager?

Those who don't believe, see you're laid behind  
Got our skypagers on all the time  
Hurry up and get yours cuz I got mine  
Especially if you do shows, they come in fine  
If you're with a G and you're sippin wine  
Eatin cacciatore with a twist of lime  
Gotta meet your lover at a quarter to 9  
Joint by base, then you get your high

*[Phife:]*

If you get your then high, mine is next  
The 'S' in skypage really stands for sex  
Beeper's goin off like Don Trump gets checks  
Keep my bases loaded like the New York Mets  
At times I miss the pager so you don't get vex  
Havin bad days like a voodoo hex  
Conceptually, a pager is so complex  
Cuz I be standin by the phone ready to flex

(Welcome to the new skypager)

*[phone dialing]*

(Enter telephone number or other numeric message)

*[Q-Tip:]*

Uh, so funky [4X]

*[Phife:]*

The batteries I use are called Du-ra-cell  
They last for three weeks so they do me well  
Don't be goin through no phases my joint stays on  
24-7, from dusk til dawn  
If you're in Costa Rica on a sunlit beach  
You greed for the Phifer, I can be reached  
A number of importance, I just put it on lock  
You leave code '69", that means you want some (cock)

*[Q-Tip:]*

People tend to think that a pager's foul  
Well it kinda is, cuz it makes me scoul  
But it really hurts when you're on the prowl  
Brothas know it hurts when you're on the prowl  
Grabbin on my joint cuz I'm an eager owl  
Get paged by a G or a business pal  
My shit is overflowin, they won't allow

Another page, so I'll just end this now  
(Message sent. Thank you for calling skypager)

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"What?"

[Q-Tip:]

Babies babble on, they lookin for excuses  
Game for the buzzer who kicked it to the losers  
Lame as a brain, could be, golly gee  
If you see a shrink he'll charge you a fee  
If you see me ya see the fee is nothing  
Fee will be for patience all that's no fronting

What is a party if it doesn't really rock?  
What is a poet? All balls, no cock  
What is a war if it doesn't have a general?  
What's channel nine if it doesn't have Arsenio?  
What is life if you don't have fun?  
What is a what if you ain't got a gun?  
What's Ali without Shaheed Muhammad?  
Nothing. Kapelka makes you vomit

What is a Quest if the players ain't willing?  
What is a pence if you don't have a shilling?  
Excuse me if I'm chillin, hey what, say what  
What's a fat man without food in his gut?

What's a child birth, without the umbilical?  
What's United Parcel, without the deliverer?  
What's momma-san, without poppa-san?  
What's martial arts without Daniel-San?  
What's Rasheed without Tonya, Tamika?  
What's orange juice and Doug E. Doug without Shaniqua?  
Not a not a not a not a damn thing  
What's Duke Ellington without that swing?

What's Alex Haley if it doesn't have roots?  
What's a weekend if you ain't knockin boots?  
What's a black nation, without black unity?  
What is a child who doesn't know puberty?  
What is my label when I exit boom status?  
What's menage-a-tois, or, that is  
What is sex when you have three people?  
What are laws if they ain't fair and equal?  
What's Clark Kent without a telephone booth?  
What is a liquor if it ain't 80 proof?  
What are the youth if they ain't rebellin?  
What's Raplh Cramden, if he ain't yellin  
At Ed Norton, what is coke snortin?

What is position if there is no contortin?  
What is hip-hop if it doesn't have violence?

Chill for a minute, Doug E. Fresh said silence  
[Four second pause]

What is a glock if you don't have a clip?  
What's a lollipop without the Good Ship?  
What's S&M if you don't have chains?  
What's a con artist if he doesn't have brains?  
What's America without greed and glamour?  
What's an MC if he doesn't have stamina?  
What's music fractured without Mr. Walt?  
What's Trugoy without a phrase called torte?

What's Kris Lighty if he wasn't such a baby?  
What is a woman if she didn't say maybe?  
Baby laid down, I removed the frown  
What would be my penal cord if it wasn't brown?

What is a paper without a president?  
What is a compound without a element?  
What is a jam if you don't spike the punch?  
What's a Brewski if you don't buy brunch?

Oooh ooh, it's like that you keep goin  
Freak freak y'all cause you know that we showin  
What to go what to go what to go what to go what  
To go what to go what to go what to go WHAT

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "Scenario"

*[Tribe and L.O.N.S.:]*

Here we go yo, here we go yo  
So what so what so what's the scenario  
Here we go yo, here we go yo  
So what so what so what's the scenario

*[Phife Dawg:]*

Ayo Bo knows this (what?) and Bo knows that (what?)  
But Bo don't know jack, 'cause Bo can't rap  
Well what do you know, the Di-Dawg, is first up to bat  
No batteries included, and no strings attached  
No holds barred, no time for move faking  
Gots to get the loot so I can bring home the bacon  
Brothers front, they say the Tribe can't flow  
But we've been known to do the impossible like Broadway Joe so

Sleep if you want NyQuil will help you get your Zs troop  
But here's the real scoop  
I'm all that and then some, short dark and handsome  
Bust a nut inside your eye, to show you where I come from

I'm vexed, fuming, I've had it up to here  
My days of paying dues are over, acknowledge me as in there (yeah)  
Head for the border, go get a taco  
Watch me wreck it from the jump street, meaning from the get-go  
Sit back relax and let yourself go  
Don't sweat what you heard, but act like you know

*[Charlie Brown:]*

Yes yes y'all (yes y'all!)  
Who got the vibe it's the Tribe y'all (Tribe y'all!)  
Real live y'all (live y'all!)  
Inside outside come around  
(who's that?) Brown

So may I say, call me Charlie  
The word is the herb and I'm deep like Bob Marley  
Lay back on the payback, evolve rotate the gates contact  
Can I get a hit? (hit!)  
Boom bip with a brother named Tip  
And we're ready to flip

East coast stomping, ripping and romping  
New York, North Cak-a-laka, and Compton  
Checka-checka-check it out!  
The loops for the troops, more bounce to the ounce  
And wow how now wow how now Brown cow

We're ill 'til the skill gets down

For the flex, next, it's the textbook old to the new  
But the rest are doo-doo  
From radio to the video to Arsenio  
Tell me! Yo, what's the scenario

*[Dinco D:]*

(True blue!) Scooby Doo, whoopie doo  
Scenarios, radios, rates more than four  
Scores for the s'mores that smother dance floors  
Now I go for mine, shades of sea shore

Ship-shape, crushed grapes, apes that play tapes  
Papes make drakes baked for the wakes  
Of an L-AH, an E-ADER, simply just a leader  
Base in the space means peace, see ya later

Later? (Later!) Later alligator  
Pop blows the weasel and the herb's the inflater  
So yo the D what the O, incorporated I-N-C into a flow  
Funk flipped flat back first this foul fight fight fight  
Laugh yo how's that sound (oh!)

*[Q-Tip, Busta Rhymes:]*

It's a Leader-Quest mission and we got the goods here (here!)  
Never on the left 'cause my right's my good ear (ear!)  
I could give a damn about a ill subliminal  
Stay away from crime so I ain't no criminal

I love my young nation, groovy sensation  
No time for hibernation, only elation  
Don't ever try to test the water, little kid  
Yo Mr. Busta Rhymes, tell him what I did

I heard you rushed and rushed, and attacked  
Then they rebuked and you had to smack  
Causing rambunction, throughout the sphere  
Raise the levels of the boom inside the ear

You know I did it  
So don't violate or you get violated  
The hip-hop sound is well agitated  
Won't ever waste no time on the played-out ego  
So here's Busta Rhymes with the, Scenario

*[Busta Rhymes:]*

Watch, as I combine all the juice from the mind  
Heel up, wheel up, bring it back, come rewind  
Powerful impact boom from the cannon  
Not bragging, tryna read my mind just imagine  
Vo-cab-u-lary's necessary  
When digging into my library

Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh!  
Eating Ital Stew like the one Peter Tosh-a

Uh, uh uh, all over the track man  
Uh, pardon me, uh, as I come back

As I did it yo I had to beg your pardon  
When I travel through the town I roll with the squadron  
Rawr! Rawr! Like a dungeon dragon  
Change your little drawers 'cause your pants are sagging

Try to step to this, I will, twist you in a turban  
And had you smelling ripe, like some old stale urine

Chickity-choco, the chocolate chicken  
The rear cock diesel, butt cheeks they were kicking  
Yo, busting out before the Busta bust another rhyme  
The rhythm is in sync (uh!) the rhymes are on time (time!)  
Rippin' up the sound just like Horatio  
Observe the vibe and check out the scenario!  
Yeah, my man motherfucker!

Here we go yo, here we go yo  
So what so what so what's the scenario  
Here we go yo, here we go yo  
So what so what so what's the scenario

Here we go yo, here we go yo  
So what so what so what's the scenario  
Here we go yo, here we go yo  
So what so what so what's the scenario